The Queen of the Darkblood Clan

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The Queen of the Darkblood Clan

by TheCrimsonCritic

Summary

Will Graham is 20 when his village elects him to be one of seven sacrifices to the Darkblood Clan. He and a few others are taken in the night from their village, chained to trees, and left to rot. He couldn't say he didn't see it coming, but being taken by any member of the Darkblood Clan is not something he particularly looked forward to.
When the leader takes a shine to him, it is only a matter of time before fate draws them together.

OR:
Will is a virgin sacrifice to a vampire clan. He discovers they aren't as bad as they're made out to be, and finds his true mate along the way.

This fic is on hiatus and potentially canceled

Notes

Hello, everyone! Thanks for clicking the fic! Hope you enjoy!

See the end of the work for more notes

The End is the Beginning (Will Graham)

The manacles around his wrists were heavy, and chafed at his freshly scrubbed skin that was still raw from the rough sponge they used when preparing him and the others. Their feet were bare to deter them from running, as the woods surrounding their village were dense and dark, and it was notoriously difficult to see where one was walking. The only lights were lanterns, one held by the leader, who was yanking them along by their connected chains, and the person trailing all of them to ensure there were no attempted escapes.

The deeper they got into the woods, the colder it got, and Will began to see why they put the sacrifices in such revealing clothing. It was not only so the Darkblood Clan could see which of them were most desirable, but also so the cold could seep into their bones and make them sluggish. There was the occasional stumble, resulting in the yanking of the connected chains and many disgruntled noises from various parts of the lineup.

When they finally got to the circle of trees, one woman tried to break away, but her attempt was in vain. She spat and cursed, and he watched as she was taken from the line and hooked to one of the trees with her arms far above her head, no doubt stretching her joints to their limit. After a few minutes of struggling and more sacrifices hooked to trees, she quieted down, settling on a scowl and a vicious stare at the man who was organizing everyone.

The man came to Will and he averted his eyes. That was one upside of being an omega who hated eye contact. Unlike alphas, they were expected to not meet an alpha or beta's eyes, and avoiding another omega's stare was not frowned upon. Alphas had the opposite expectation. They were supposed to stare down omegas and betas, and betas were only supposed to stare down omegas. He personally didn't mind that much. Inequalities aside, Will's life in the village was peaceful, up until the point where he became a literal virgin sacrifice to a bunch of monsters.

A few minutes after being hooked to one of the ceremonial trees and the two chaperones left, Will's body began to go numb, whether from the cold or exhaustion he couldn't tell. He stopped feeling the rough bark scraping at his back and his arms being stretched to their limit. Before Will closed his eyes, he took one last look around, and everyone seemed to be in a similar state. He didn't know how much time passed, but when a bloodcurdling shriek echoed through the woods, adrenaline rushed through Will's veins and his eyes shot open. Everyone was looking around, and many of the, homed in on a previously occupied tree, now bare, with the chains still swaying slightly.

In a matter of seconds, most of the sacrifices were gone, excluding Will and the girl who had fought against the chains previously. After a few moments there was a blur and she was gone, too.

Will's heart pounded against his ribs like a caged bird begging to be let out. He shook against the chains and yelled nothing comprehensible. Maybe it was a sad attempt to scare them off, maybe it was to release frustration at being sold off like cattle. Either way, within a matter of

moments, there was a blur before him. Will vaguely saw a face, practically glowing in the pale moonlight, and felt a tap on his forehead before the world went dark.

Illumination (Hannibal Lecter)

Chapter Summary

Will is brought to the manor. Hannibal waits.

Chapter Notes

Hello! I'd like to thank all my readers that have been waiting on this or have just started reading. Hope you enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The boy was beautiful in the moonlight, bared and attached to a tree like Il Sodoma's "Martyrdom of Saint Sebastian". His scent was alluring and sweet, carried straight toward Hannibal by the cool night breeze. Unfortunately, the exposed skin came with the downside that he was extremely cold, and Hannibal could not properly scent him or look him over before taking him to the Darkblood Estate and out of the cold.

Hannibal unhooked him using a sharp claw, ensuring that the manacles did not chafe the boy's thin wrists more than they already had. His skin was far too beautiful to be tarnished in such a brutal way. The boy's body was limp, and he was concerningly light for his height. His pulse was steady, thrumming just beneath his skin, and Hannibal resisted his body's attempt to drop his fangs. It was frowned upon to drop one's fangs in any other context besides drinking, and Hannibal refused to drink from an unconscious, incapacitated, or unwilling person. It was not only against his personal moral code, but the code of everyone else in the Darkblood clan. His late mother had ensured that.

As Hannibal sprinted through the woods, he made certain that the boy's head and neck were supported to avoid any aches or injuries that may occur during the short run, which was hastened by the inhuman speed that their supernatural species possessed. In that moment, he was especially thankful for that ability, as the air was so frigid that the boy's breath looked like puffs of smoke in the night.

When they made it to the manor, the wrought iron gates automatically opened, recognizing him as a member of the clan rather than a stranger or threat. Hannibal made no delay in taking the boy inside and directly into the parlor, not even stopping to remove his shoes or coat. Human lives were so fragile, and he could not let the boy pass. Not when he was abnormally enthralling.

The boy was set down on a chaise before the roaring fire and covered in a thick blanket to speed up the heating process, both to keep him safe and in hopes of meeting the undoubtedly beautiful mind that came with the enchanting scent and ethereal appearance. Hannibal was tempted to sit by the boy, perhaps stroking his auburn curls or simply holding him, but he knew better. The sacrifices that their clan took in were normally extremely frightened when they first woke up, so Hannibal knew it would be best if he kept his distance at first, no matter how much he desired to run his hands through the omega's messy mop of curls.

He never understood why the village found him and his clan so horrifying that they sacrificed their very own people to keep them at bay, but their clan never stopped the sacrifices. A village that would so willingly sacrifice good people did not deserve those people in the first place, and they would be treated much better in the manor. He had seen the way the village treated their omegas, and he was repulsed by it every time. He only hoped the boy would wake up soon so he could work to rehabilitate him.

Hannibal retrieved a sketchpad and charcoals from one of the many shelves and settled in while waiting for the boy to arise.

Chapter End Notes

Hope you guys liked this chapter! More updates coming soon!

Awaken and Absquatulate (Will Graham)

Chapter Summary

> Will wakes up and finds himself in a bit of a predicament. He runs away from the alpha, and then--quite literally--runs into an old friend.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

When Will first began regaining consciousness, the first thing he noticed was the pleasant buzz that seemed to float around in his skull and behind his eyes. He felt floaty, like he just woke up from a very good, very refreshing nap. Based on the texture of the blanket and the cushiness of the surface below him, he probably was.

Then, ice flooded his veins.

The cushions he was on were nothing like the cot he had at home, and the blanket was much too soft and warm to be one of his. It still wasn't warm enough to hinder the chill that had seemingly seeped into his bones so suddenly.

Quickly, he opened his eyes, sitting up and searching the room for an escape route. Despite the eerie feeling of being watched, Will still got up and fought the fuzzy feelings in his legs effectively enough to make his way to the door.

"I would like you to at least attempt an introduction before absconding like a runaway bride." Came a voice from behind him. Although it came across as amused, Will was still startled by the unexpected presence of another being in the very room he was trying to escape. He whipped around, pressing himself flat against the door as if he could merge with the wood to avoid being seen.

In Will's peripheral, there was a series of smooth motions that drew his eye to the corner. There stood a man with crimson eyes and a regal appearance and Will was immediately intimidated by the all-consuming presence of the man. His eyes burned like hot coals, and there was something undoubtedly otherworldly about him.

Suddenly, he caught a whiff of the stranger's scent and ***oh.***

If Will had to imagine serenity, he would imagine that scent. Smoke and sandalwood and sage and leather wafted off the man in an intoxicating combination. His knees immediately buckled at the impact of the scent, it hit him with unexpected force and washed over him like a tidal wave, submerging him in the quiet that came with being underwater.

He loved being underwater, but it did not stifle his fear. Instincts kicked in as soon as he remembered what he was doing, and that fear turned to aggression that caused him to bare his canines and snarl.

“Who are you, where am I, and what the fuck do you want from me?” He demanded, face pinched, and body tensed to the point where it was painful. The strange alpha came no closer, and instead bared his neck and put his palms up in submission. It shocked Will to his very core. Not once did he see ever an alpha bare his throat, let alone to an omega, and will knew there was deep meaning in the motion.

“I am Hannibal Lecter,” the man said, speaking lowly, as if to a frightened animal. “I am leader of the Darkblood Clan, and-“

The man was cut off by the sound of a click. Will had found the doorknob, and as soon as he heard the name of the Darkblood Clan, he decided to flee. Down one dimly lit corridor and into the next he went, not knowing where he was going, and frankly, not caring either. He was surely going to find an open window or door at some point.

Will was so caught up in his escape attempt that he didn’t have time to stop when someone came around the corner, which caused a noisy collision that would undoubtedly let this Hannibal know where he was.

As soon as he was upright, Will went to run again—where, he did not know—but a familiar voice stopped him in his tracks.

“Will?”

“Alana?”

Chapter End Notes

Thanks so much for sticking with me, you guys! Hope you enjoyed this chapter!

End Notes

Hello! Thanks for reading! If you want, please give feedback, as it is what improves me and keeps me going as a writer! Thank you! :D

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